

Mountains, Ice, and Edelweiss

by Reginae Helvetiae

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Summary: A collection of SwissAus drabbles. I don't own Hetalia.

## 1. Beautiful

Shame.

Basch's small, slender form was turned away from his Austrian lover, the pale, bare skin awash in silver moonlight. His shirt hung off his delicate shoulders, pooling around his waist like spilled milk.

A myriad of scars marred his back, a sort of twisted collage of painful memories and failure and loss. From the way Basch hung his head, cream blonde tresses cascading down to hide tightly closed eyes, he was ashamed, scared, broken.

\_Here I am. Please don't go, please don't go, please don't go...\_

He was expecting a disdainful scoff, a bark of laughter, a huff of disgust: He wasn't the perfectly stoic, untouchable being everyone made him out to be. He was scarred, so very scarred, inside and out. The Swiss was convinced that he was too ruined to ever be worth anything to anyone.

Instead of harsh rejection, he felt a pair of arms wrap around him from behind, bringing him in close. He sucked in his breath, feeling cool silk pajamas slide against the delicate arch of his back as Roderich embraced him, pressing a kiss to his tousled blonde hair.

"Beautiful," he whispered, gently turning his partner to gaze into jade eyes, admiring the soft rose color that swam to his cheeks at the word. "Every inch of you, every single facet," the brunette breathed, smoothing messy auburn locks from Basch's face to kiss away his fear and doubt and shame.

"Beautiful."

## 2. Flightless

The wind was wild and vicious as I stood at the very edge of the great cliff, overlooking the angry waters of Lake Geneva. It was time now, and I knew it - I had put this occasion off for too long already.

>"Basch?" Came a clear voice from my right, and I looked up from lead colored clouds to come face-to-face with the shockingly violet eyes of my best friend, and my beloved.<br>"You're not... You can't really be planning to..."

>"I am," I replied firmly. "I'm sick of running from my fears. I have to do this. My future depends on it."<br>"No!" His voice was desperate, tanzanite eyes wide, a beacon in the storm. "Please, Basch, jumping in this weather would kill you, especially if you can't fly yet!"

>I scowled and glared at him with a gaze the color of faceted tourmaline. "Don't you see? This is my only chance to learn how to fly, to prove myself! Otherwise I'll be a damned disgrace for the rest of my life!"<br>"Please!" He begged, catching me by my slender wrist and pulling me close, where he clutched my shoulders and gazed upon me with eyes as wild as the wind.

>"Roderich, I have to. Do you know what it's like to be flightless in a world of flight? Of course not, before me, it's never fucking happened!" I twisted away, rubbing my wrist. "I'll be fine."<br>"Basch! Listen to me!" Came his sobs as I stepped to the edge of the cliff and spread my unsteady wings, ready to jump into the storm.

>"Please!"<br>I was silent, hearing only the wind.

>"Please..."<br>I closed my eyes and leapt into the storm.

## 3. Heartbreak

((I hated every second of writing this. Cheating disturbs me beyond expression, and I wrote this to confront my fears a little.

>-Liv))<p>

Bitter, sour, with a touch of burning acidity. That was how total heartbreak felt to Basch.

"Basch, I-" Roderich began desperately, but the blond held up a hand to silence him, lips curling as though the sound of the words was sour. He realized just how many lies he had heard from those pretty lips, and he felt a sharp pang in his chest, like lemon juice in a paper cut.

"Don't even talk to me. No excuses."

"Please, it isn't what-!"

"Let me guess," Basch cut him off icily, "it isn't what it looks like?" He let out a short, bitter bark of laughter. "That's alright. I didn't love you anyway."

#### 4. Oranges

"You want a what?" Basch asked incredulously.

"An orange," Roderich muttered, wrapping his arms around his own slender middle as he gazed into the blazing fire. "I'm dying for an orange."

Oranges in the wintertime were practically unheard of. They only showed up in the mountains where Basch lived with his partner once a year or so, and when they did, they were wildly expensive. Besides, it was snowing, and Basch didn't much like spending money.

But as he gazed to his love, he found his heart softening, and he rose from the couch.

"Where are you going?" Roderich asked as Basch pulled on his heavy coat and thick woolen gloves.

"To get you an orange."

#### 5. Phantom

"Playing again, my Phantom?"

A quiet voice rang from the dark beyond the glow of the candelabra, and Roderich startled, fingers making a less than harmonious sound on the piano keys. He turned around, his half-masked face in shadow as he relaxed upon seeing who stood beyond the blurred edges of the circle of light

>"Apologies," came the voice again as Basch stepped from the shadows to his side, blonde tresses set alight with sparks of reddish orange. Gingerly, almost fearfully, he placed a pale hand upon the other man's shoulder, the golden ring upon his finger glinting.<br>"No, my angel, you simply startled me," came the smooth, almost mournful response as the masked brunette stood and gazed down to Basch. "I only play for you." A bitter smile curved crimson lips up, and his cerulean eyes narrowed behind the mask. "Yet you refuse to be my harmony."

>At these words, the blonde winced, drawing away nervously. "Apologies, my Phantom," he repeated.<br>Roderich shook his head, laughing humorlessly as he drew the petite blonde into a dip. "Do I frighten you, my beloved Angel? Is my appearance not hideous?"

>Basch swallowed, clinging to him for fear of being dropped. "I...I cannot lie to you. It was repulsing, but now I do not see it."<br>That was not a lie - when Roderich had first dragged him into this, he was horribly scared, and had begged for his freedom. It was only when he realized that the man had no intention of hurting him, and only desired his love to be requited that he could begin to notice the way Roderich showered him with considerate gifts and affections that he accepted, but could not return.

>He still pined for his freedom, and when he asked Roderich why they could not just meet every night in secret, he was met with a sad sapphire gaze.<br>"I fear you would not come back to me, my Angel."

>Now, Roderich was shaking his head, and he brought Basch's ringed hand to his lips to kiss. "Forgive me for loving you, my beloved

angel."<br>"I will someday, my Phantom," Basch responded quietly. "I  
will someday."

End  
file.